

The Critic

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Pernicious English Novels.

Who reads English books? American young people read them—to their own undoing. Much has been said of the evil results of the reading of cheap sensational novels upon young boys and girls. They are advised not to read these bad books, but to take good books. Thousands of our young people never see the dime-novel type of book because they have plenty of good novels, well written, refined, interesting, moral in tone, and apparently without any harmful tendency. Now the larger part of these (in a literary sense) excellent books are written in England by English authors, and are read by American young people to their lasting injury, and to the injury of our time and country. These English writers intend no harm; their books are strictly moral and convey many good and noble lessons; and yet the books do lasting harm, and to their influence can be traced much of the false pride, incompetency, idleness and vice to be found in our cities. These harmful lessons in so many English novels are writ between the lines—unread, yet clearly understood and believed.

To illustrate, I may take a story entitled 'Madam,' by Mrs. Oliphant. As a novel, it stands among the best. It is well written, extremely interesting, and sure to be read and remembered by every young person in whose hands it is placed. It will instruct as well as entertain; and yet it will, unconsciously to its author, teach two false lessons. The first character of importance in the early part of the book is a man supposed to be an English gentleman. He is of a fine county family, rich and apparently respected; and yet he is a brute, selfish to the last degree, without a trace of manliness or honor. He never did a stroke of work in his life, never benefited a single human being; and yet he is respected, and at his death all the titled families far and near come to his funeral as if he had been some saint who had blessed his generation. Now observe what follows. This creature, though he knew it was false all the time, accuses his wife of running out in the garden to meet a lover, and as a punishment commands in his will that his wife shall never again speak to, or even see, her children; if she does, all his property will be given to some institution, and the children will be left without a penny. This infamous will, which would be set aside by the first probate Judge who saw it, is calmly carried out. 'Madam,' the wife, leaves the house in the middle of the night, joins the supposed lover and disappears. This is the whole story. Of course, it appears at the end that she did no wrong whatever, beyond neglecting a child by a former husband. She joins this son, who is a scamp and forger, and lives with him in obscurity.

Two years pass, and the poor woman, dying for the love of her children and thinking her end near, appears before them. One daughter of the three children (excepting the babies) alone goes to her. The son, a boy of fourteen, who has received his father's title and the bulk of the property,

refuses to recognize his own mother, and with his sister heartlessly says she must go away, lest they be obliged to give up their money. Of course, the will is wisely ignored and they live happy ever after. There is also an idle uncle, rich and selfish—with several women equally idle and selfish. There is a step-daughter with money, and she has three lovers: the young forger; a newspaper man without family or name, but the only man in the book; and a selfish cub as rich and idle as the others. Whom does she marry? The cub—because he comes of a county family. She couldn't marry the forger, and yet this very man is taken into the family and given a home and money because he is a step-son of the rich man. The only man who worked, the only character in the book who does anything, is quietly kicked out at the end as unworthy the society of a county family.

What are the unwritten lessons an American boy or girl will remember after reading this book? Just these: money is everything; rank excuses everything; to work is a disgrace; only people of rank are worthy of consideration; to be poor is shameful, and to do anything whatever, except pursue pleasure, is humiliating. These are the things that do harm to our young people. Reading such books teaches pride and idleness. These things are un-American and wrong. We do not believe in such ideas. We believe work is honorable, and that it is the idle, selfish rich who deserve no respect. These children and this 'Madam' sacrificed the dearest instincts of nature for what? The fear that if the boy and the girl lost their money they might be obliged to work.

In a true and noble way these things are also un-English. Unfortunately, too many of the better class of English novels do not teach this truth, but by implication just the reverse. The writers see no wrong in the worship of rank. They are sincere in saying 'I am better than thou'; and they cling to this false fear of work because it is the fashion in certain titled circles. Even Mrs. Oliphant in describing heaven (see 'The Little Pilgrim') places the dead poor and the dead working-people apart in their humble homes, where their presence will not shock the titled persons who, having died, dwell on the Avenue in the Heavenly City. Many an English novel has been the inspiration to good and manly deeds and unselfish living. On the other hand, a great number, written by persons brought up under the shadow of the mighty guinea, do teach that rank and money are the only things worthy of consideration, and that to labor is a disgrace.

It is impossible to say what is the exact influence of these books on our young people. It is clearly not for good. Do they not explain in part much of the idleness, the false pride, the secret worship of rank that fills the minds of our young people? At any rate, they are un-American and we do not want them.

CHARLES BARNARD.

Reviews

Two Additions to Trübner's Oriental Series.*

Two of the latest volumes of Trübner's valuable Oriental Series are the work, wholly or in part, of American scholars. One is a life of Buddha and history of Buddhism from Tibetan sources (1): a contribution at first hand to the general study of Buddhist doctrine and legend, which needs to have light cast upon it from every possible direction, if we are ever to be able to separate in its literature the grains of wheat from the heaps of chaff. Buddhism was carried across the Himalayas into Tibet in the early centuries of our era, and took firm hold there, finally developing into that special form which we are accustomed to call

* 1. The Life of the Buddha and the Early History of His Order, Derived from Tibetan Works in the Bkash-Hgyur and Stan-Hgyur. Translated by W. Woodville Rockhill, 2d Secretary U. S. Legation to China. 2. The Ordinances of Manu. Translated from the Sanskrit. With an Introduction. By the late Arthur Coke Burnell, Ph.D., C.I.E. Completed and Edited by Edward W. Hopkins, Ph.D., of Columbia College. Both in Trübner's Oriental Series. London.

Lamaism, from the title of its priests. With it went literary culture; and the Tibetan characters still show the plainest signs of their Indian origin. The volume is by Mr. Rockhill, who, so far as we know, is the only one of our countrymen that has devoted himself to this particular branch of study—certainly the only one that has made original contributions to its progress. He is at present attached to our embassy to China. He had earlier (in 1883) furnished to the same Oriental Series a collection of ethical verses from the Buddhist canon, styled 'Udānavarga.' It is the Tibetan counterpart to the well-known Pāli 'Dhammapada.'

The other volume is a new version of the celebrated Indian law-book of Manu (2). This is the very first work by which, in the translation of Sir William Jones, the Sanskrit literature was introduced to the knowledge of Europe; and it has ever since been regarded with quite exceptional interest; yet, strange to say, though Jones's version has been more than once reprinted, no fresh rendering has until now been attempted in English. Jones's work was extremely creditable to its author when first made; yet it has no claim to permanent authority, especially on account of the extent to which the interpretation of the commentators has been substituted in it for the strict meaning of the text. The treatise fairly deserves the attention which it has attracted, although there has been, and is, something of error in the general apprehension of its value. It is, indeed, the earliest and most important of the works of a certain class representing Indian polity and social usage; yet the whole class is comparatively recent, one of the late products of Hindu religious and moral thought, a branch of literature by which that which is Vedic passes over into that which is purely modern. It is of more note and repute among the Hindus themselves than any other of its class; yet it has neither a pervading nor a practically recognized authority as a law-book; there is no such authority, in the midst of the infinite political and social diversity of native India; it is merely the text-book of a school, one of many records of the usages accepted by the Brahmins as good. The attempts often made to prove a derivation from India of the early legal requirements of other countries, as of Palestine and Egypt, attach themselves especially to the law-book of Manu; but all such attempts are futile, and are beginning to be recognized as such and abandoned. The date of Manu is an unsolved problem; but the general opinion of well-informed scholars has long been gradually bringing it nearer to our own time; and no cautious authority at present would venture confidently to pronounce it earlier than the Christian era. Burnell, in the Introduction to the volume before us, tries to fix it rather definitely at four or five centuries after Christ; but his grounds are far from convincing, and are not admitted as such by his coadjutor.

Dr. Burnell, one of the ablest and most meritorious of the later generation of English officials in India who have devoted themselves to elucidating the history and literature of the country, had for some time been known to scholars as engaged in re-translating Manu—at first, it was understood, for the series of Sacred Books of the East, but later, by the author's preference, for the series in which it has now appeared. When his untimely and much lamented death took place (Oct., 1882), a consequence of over-work in India, it was believed and announced that he had nearly completed the task. Nearer examination showed that he had done only the smaller half of it; and that, if this was not to be altogether lost, it must be put into the hands of a competent scholar for finishing. Dr. Hopkins, at present an instructor in Columbia College, already known for his fruitful devotion to the study of Manu, was selected, and the work is now brought out complete, with all the promptness that could have been hoped for. Dr. Hopkins has added the missing part of the translation, revised Burnell's part, which had not received the last touches from its author, and added further notes in the first chapters and all the notes to the later chapters. The plan is followed throughout—and it is the only

plan on which any such work can be properly done—of making the translation follow the text closely, and adding in the notes, wherever desirable, the interpretations, generally but not always fairly accordant, of the native commentators. Of these there are several, the first of them probably some nine centuries old. The work has been done throughout with competent learning, and with praiseworthy pains and accuracy; the setting-forth is clear and attractive; and the public is to be congratulated on the possession at last of an easily accessible and trustworthy presentation of this capital work. Dr. Hopkins has brought credit to American scholarship by the manner in which he has sustained his part in a partnership that might have seemed not a little trying to a young savant; and the friends of Dr. Burnell have reason to be more than content with the devotion which has carried through to an end this undertaking, unfortunately broken off in the middle, for a cause that all students of India have reason greatly to deplore. Dr. Burnell's long experience as a judge in the law-courts of India would have given his treatment of some of the chapters, had he reached them, a peculiar value—yet, after all, the cleft between the Laws of Manu and the practice of modern Hindu jurisprudence is so great that that advantage would doubtless have been less than we are inclined to assume.

"The Dictionary of English History."

THE editors of this volume are well known as historical scholars in England, and in the compilation of these eleven hundred pages they have had the aid of many other persons, of whom the names of twenty-nine, of established reputations, are given. On 'Change it is 'good names' that make 'gilt-edged paper'; and the rule, if not always equally trustworthy in literature, must be largely relied upon as *prima facie* evidence of the excellence of a work of this character. Yet, paradoxical as it may sound, it is just such works that are most easily criticised, even by persons of limited knowledge, partly because in such works it is exceedingly difficult to avoid some omissions; partly because the purpose of the editor may not be always apparent, while, if it could be understood, his sound judgment would be unquestioned; and partly because it is so easy, in a volume of some thousands of topics, to find here and there one which—to some carping critic who may know about, or be specially interested in, that one point—seems to be inadequately treated. So looked at, there never was a dictionary or an encyclopædia absolutely perfect, and probably there never can be; and therefore it is that the reputations of editors and writers are of the first importance where so much must necessarily be taken upon trust. This work has that assurance of its faithfulness; and a careful examination of its pages justifies the confidence inspired by the names of editors and contributors.

'To produce a book,' the editors say in their preface, 'which should give, as concisely as possible, just the information, biographical, bibliographical, chronological, and constitutional, that the reader of English history is likely to want, is what is here attempted.' In the multitude of books of reference to which literary workmen have devoted their ingenuity and industry, it is remarkable that this particular niche should have remained unoccupied. Now that the empty space is filled, it will be plain enough to everybody who is familiar with books how wide the void was, and how imperative the necessity that possession should be taken of it. There are many incidents and events which may find no place in a general encyclopædia; and those that do are scattered through many volumes. A single volume devoted to the history of a single nation possesses, therefore, the double advantage of containing more and minuter knowledge, and of being closely packed, while the relations of its many topics are distinctly sustained and easily made obvious. Even mistakes and omissions, which

* The Dictionary of English History. Edited by Sidney J. Low and F. S. Pulling. \$6. New York: Cassell & Co.

may be overlooked in a first edition, can hardly mislead, and are more promptly detected by the reader; as, for example, when failing to find 'Gunpowder Plot' in this volume, he may turn instantly to Guy Fawkes, where the former is referred to in brackets, showing that the omission is evidently through some accidental carelessness.

This volume will be quite as much sought for in this country as in England; for English history, till within the brief period of a century, is our own. American history proper, however, does not come within the scope of this 'Dictionary,' except so far as it may relate to that of Great Britain. That, so far as it goes, is candid and accurate; and if it may sometimes seem meagre in the absence of all reference to some of the men and events of the Revolutionary period, the omissions are easily supplied by every intelligent American; while English readers would not detect them, or, if they did, count them of any moment. It is simply a compendium of history as it has transpired within the boundaries of the Islands of Great Britain and Ireland, and as such it can hardly be too highly estimated.

Burton as Actor, Author and Manager.*

WHO reads a dramatic book? The historical and biographical literature of the stage, in all languages, is as ephemeral as the art of the actors of whom it treats. Series of English and American Men-of-Letters, of Artists, of Famous Women—not of the stage—have met with more or less enduring success; while the American Actor Series, numbering among its contributors Clara Erskine Clement, Kate Field, Lawrence Barrett, and William Winter, received so little encouragement that it was discontinued after the appearance of half the number of promised volumes. Students of the stage, who are also collectors of dramatic books and prints, find so much difficulty in obtaining and preserving works upon the subject in which they are interested, that they have been forced to organize themselves into a society named after William Dunlap, the earliest American playwright, historian and manager, and to print privately the valuable matter which no publisher is willing to take the risk of putting upon the general market.

William E. Burton was for many years the most prominent figure in the American theatre. His name was a household word. He died a quarter of a century ago, and the record of his life has just been written. Mr. Keese has done his work well and thoroughly; but so strongly does he realize the smallness of the audience to whom the old actor plays now, that he has limited his edition to five hundred copies, to be sold by subscription only to the small band of enthusiasts who do read dramatic books. Burton was a man of no ordinary force. While he is better known now as actor and manager, he began life as a writer, with much promise, and no little performance; a side of his career which Mr. Keese touches kindly but lightly. Born in London, he was educated at St. Paul's School, following there such men as John Milton, Strype the historian, Halley the astronomer, Pepys, Sir Philip Francis, Elliston and the elder Mathews; and there he was well grounded in the classics, before he entered the printing-office of his father, a publisher of classical books. He was only eighteen years of age when he assumed entire management of his father's business, working hard for the support of a recently widowed mother, and contributing to leading periodicals.

Somewhat later on, Burton undertook the editorship of *The Cambridge Quarterly Review*, and wrote a number of plays, none of which met with enduring success, although one, a melodrama entitled 'Ellen Wareham,' enjoyed, as Mr. Keese shows, the very unusual distinction of being produced at five London theatres on the same night. Thrown in this way into the society of theatrical people, he drifted by degrees first on to the amateur and then on to the professional stage, finding greater profit, although per-

haps not greater pleasure, in the player's life. He came to America in 1834, when he was thirty years of age, with the prestige of having written 'Ellen Wareham,' which had previously been brought out at the Bowery Theatre in New York. In Philadelphia, where he remained for some time, he edited and contributed largely to *The Literary Souvenir* and founded *The Gentleman's Magazine*, which he conducted jointly with Poe. This periodical, after Burton's retirement and Poe's dismissal, was consolidated with and known as *Graham's Magazine*. Burton wrote for *The Knickerbocker Magazine* a series of papers called 'The Actor's Allegory,' besides many articles for other journals. His published works are 'Waggeries and Vagaries,' and the well-known 'Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor.'

The strongest proof of Burton's culture and literary taste is to be found in the wonderful library of more than sixteen thousand volumes which he collected lovingly and wisely. While it was devoted, as was natural, chiefly to Shakspeareana and works relating to the drama, it was very rich in the English and foreign classics, and in the odd and unique books so dear to collectors of all kinds. It contained the black-letter edition of Chaucer, of 1542; Davenant's Poems, published in 1651, with an original manuscript poem never printed; 'All the Works of John Taylor, the Water Poet'—the folio edition of 1630; Raulph Higden's 'Polychronicon,' in black-letter folio, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1495; the first folio edition of 'The Fairie Queen'; and an 'Encyclopædia of Man,' printed in English, but after the Hebrew manner, beginning at the end of the volume and reading to the left. The Shakspearean matter was very valuable. It was his pride and desire to collect every work alluding to the early editions of Shakspeare, or in any way illustrating their text. He gathered the scarce romances, the old histories, the rare ballads, upon which the plays were founded, innumerable editions of the plays themselves, and many copies of the disputed plays, printed during Shakspeare's lifetime and attributed to him. The most remarkable of these, perhaps, was an old tragedy of that period, with marginal annotations in manuscript and the name 'Shakspeare' written on the title-page, which Burton believed to be a genuine autograph. Burton no doubt desired this library to be his monument, rather than the theatre with which his name was associated. But both theatre and library have long since disappeared. Not a stone of the famous old house in Chambers Street, New York, is left standing, and even its site is almost forgotten; while the cherished books were sold and distributed a few years after their collector's death, and now grace other shelves, where they are prized less for their late owner's sake than for their own great interest and value.

Mr. Keese is not only an enthusiastic admirer of Burton and his acting, but has had peculiar facilities for the production of this memoir in the free access given him by the surviving members of Burton's family to the actor's private papers and books. He was a personal friend of Burton, and an habitual attendant at his performances. He watched his long and brilliant career, and has succeeded in bringing back the past very vividly to old playgoers of thirty and forty years ago. Burton in his day was thought to be the funniest man alive. He was certainly the best known man in America, while his theatre was better known than any public building in the United States, not even excepting the Capitol at Washington. Besides the large class of regular theatre-goers who went night after night to Burton's, he had among his audience many persons who never attended theatrical performances in any other place, and had no idea of the acted drama except as shown by Mr. Burton and the clever men and women by whom he was always surrounded. While Burton was undoubtedly coarse in his humor, it must not be forgotten that he lived and acted at a time when what was called broad farce was very popular, and when boisterous horse-play upon the stage was more heartily enjoyed than now. Certainly no man of the present, or since Burton

* William E. Burton, Actor, Author and Manager. By William L. Keese. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

died in 1860, has been able to affect so many people by his comic powers, or to afford so much genuine laughter and amusement. He was, as his biographer has shown, endowed with keen humorous perception and an unusual share of the mimetic faculty; he had wonderful powers of facial expression; a clear, strong voice, capable of a great variety of intonations; a most distinct and cultivated utterance; and, beyond all, he had brains with which to mix the colors of every stage portrait he painted, whether it was Toodles, Jem Boggs, Caliban, Bottom, Captain Cuttle, Dogberry, Aminadab Sleek, Autolycus, or Sir Peter Teazle.

Burton's Theatre—the Chambers Street house is the only one which can properly be so called—had but a short existence as compared with the hundred and fifty years of Covent Garden, or the two centuries of Drury Lane. It was opened in 1848, and Mr. Burton retired from its management in 1856. But no other theatre ever won in so short a time so wide and enduring a reputation. There is not space here to enumerate the hundreds of new plays produced, or the hundreds of old plays revived, so brilliantly, on its boards. In its stock company at different times, and often at the same time, were Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Hoey, Mary Taylor, Wallack, Barrett, Boucicault, Jefferson, Florence, Placide, Robson, Bland, Fisher, Holland, Brougham, Stoddart and others. The mounting and setting of the stage was worthy of the players. But Burton and Burton's Theatre are now things of the past, and almost forgotten; and so perishable and evanescent is the art and the fame of the actor, that of the thousands of persons still living who have laughed with and at Burton, and who have owed to Burton the passing of so many happy hours, but a handful are left who will care to procure and preserve the printed story of his life.

"From Opitz to Lessing."*

THIS is a valuable little book, which—together with the same author's 'English Literature in the Eighteenth Century'—follows out a train of thought probably suggested by the brilliant Danish critic G. Brandes, in his 'Hovedstrømninger i det 19de Aarhundredes Litteratur' ('Chief Tendencies of the Literature of the 19th Century'). Brandes's three or four volumes are exceedingly striking and eloquent, and comprise such themes as 'Naturalism in England: Byron and his Group,' 'The Romantic School in Germany,' 'The Reaction in France,' and 'The Literature of the Emigrés.' In each volume he seizes a conspicuous thread—a *tendens*—whether it be romanticism, realism or transcendentalism—and traces it in its development from its sources to its climax; marking off his period and its subject sharply—surgically, one might say—from antecedent and subsequent periods, and contemplating it in the concrete by itself.

Mr. Perry pursues, though not so successfully, the same general plan, and with modest though full resource specializes in the same way. In the volume before us he transfers his studies to Germany, and picks out the period—generally regarded as a Sahara—between the Thirty-Years' War (1618-1648) and the epoch of Lessing; showing in the course of his story that, if this desert did not exactly blossom like a rose, it was not absolutely destitute of blossoms. On the edge of it lay Opitz—that huge sun-flower, quaint, sprawling, wide-open; in the centre the old-fashioned garden of Gottsched and his school, with its prim privet-hedges, its sentimental posies, and languishing daffodils; at the other extremity, that wondrous growth of Herder, Klopstock, Wieland, and Lessing, whose pollen fills the air with fertilizing influences and sows the fields of modern Germany with germs of fertility not yet exhausted. The principle on which Mr. Perry proceeds seems to us a just one. 'There is something fascinating,' says he, 'in studying merely the greatest men, and in passing over the rest without thought; but literature cannot be understood in

that way, any more than botany can be learned by studying nothing but Japanese lilies and Jacqueminot roses, or modern history by giving all our attention to Napoleon Bonaparte, Washington, and Lincoln.' And, after all, is it the Japanese lilies and Jacqueminot roses that are the *fine fleur* of our gardens? What would Greek literature be without the lesser poets so lovingly gathered and so daintily enphialled by Bergck? We should lack Anacreon, Simonides, Theogius; we should lack Herrick, Waller, and Dobson; we should lack Chénier, Millevoge, and Villon. Accordingly, Mr. Perry does good work in digging in these mines, in opening the graves of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, in exhuming the shrouded forms that lie in neglected winding-sheets there, and in exhibiting them to us as necessary links in the chain that connects the minnesingers with Goethe. The Great Bridge stands on two gigantic piers; but look at the innumerable threads and coils of iron that connect them together! And who can make a fertile study of Goethe without playing touch-and-go with the ballads and ballad-writers of the Boy's Wonderhorn? Our modern songs are built upon half-a-dozen others sunk or submerged beneath them. Our modern poets strike their roots into an under-world, whence, like Tennyson and Morris, like Wieland and Grillparzer, they draw the very essence of their genius. Mr. Perry hardly lays too great stress upon Lessing, whose quickened intelligence darted into so many dusty corners of German thought and left its impress there. Lessing was an acid that had an uncontrollable affinity for the alkalis lying around, for controversies of all sorts, for intellectual gymnastics, for spiritual sword-crossing. Our quarrel with him is the jerky and spasmodic character of his dramatic dialogue in the 'Nathan,' by which he aims to give his *dramatis persona* a sprightliness foreign to the lumbering Teuton. With his pen—a flambeau as well as a feather—he did for Germany what Dr. Johnson did for England with his tongue.

Classics for Children.*

THE knell of Mother Goose—the doom of Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater—has rung. The ancient days of chimes and rhymes and jingles are vanishing with the broomsticks of the witches and the wand of the astrologer. The Golden Age—the *Saturnia regna*—of children has come, and with it all manner of wonderful knick-knacks. But isn't it Voltaire who tells us that one of his heroes once upon a time reached a land where the boys in the streets played 'taw' with diamonds, and golden nuggets lay about helter-skelter, *unobserved*? Is there not an analogous danger in the recent inundation of good cheap literature, the daily snow-storm of classics sold for a song, and of ancient masterpieces made to shine on the just and the unjust, willy-nilly, with impartial universality? We fear those dear little lobes—those delicate hemispheres full of delightful adumbrations and vaguenesses, like the moon-pictures in the last *Century*—the brains of our children, will be over-taxed and over-tormented by all this richness. Is there not a cerebral digestion as well as a stomachic?—and if you cram and stuff either brain or stomach with over-stimulating food, is there not a consequent derangement?

Yet our tirade is only half a tirade. We cannot find it in our heart to say aught in disfavor of this excellent series of Classics for Children, of which two issues lie before us—Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' and Kingsley's 'Greek Heroes.' The idea is a thoroughly good one: well-printed, cheap, simply annotated standard works, to be edited for the use of children between the ages of nine and fifteen. Everyone knows how a bright lad or lass will devour 'The Lady of the Lake,' if once a few lines of the musical jingle fall upon the ear. And we cannot but agree with the editors when they prefer to put Scott, or Irving, or Macaulay, judiciously

* From Opitz to Lessing. A Study of Pseudo-Classicism in Literature. By Thomas Sergeant Perry. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

* The Lady of the Lake. By Walter Scott. The Heroes: Greek Fairy Tales for Children. By Charles Kingsley. 40 cents each. (Classics for Children.) Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co.

before our young folks, rather than to set them to learning such 'facts' as the date of an election, the State (or condition!) in which each President or Vice-President was born, or the lifeless details of French or Colonial or Indian wars. In this way they get whole—and wholesome—books to read, and not the familiar *ragout*, or Brunswick stew, of scraps such as 'wiggle and wriggle' about in that miscellaneous pot of odds and ends, the average 'Reader,' be it first, second or fiftieth. If the age can thus emerge from the realm of scrapdom, and the 'crazy-quilt' pattern of teaching children be abandoned, nothing but good will result. A notable contribution to this much-desired end will be these plain, well-printed volumes, and their brethren yet to come. Still, do not give children too many of these good things, or at too early an age. Those delicate meandering currents of red life in the little frames must not be drawn too persistently into the brain-reservoir, or the 'upper story' will become like that 'Haunted Palace' we read of in Edgar Poe—a Red Sea, insomnious, lurid, and fever-tainted.

"Kindly Light."*

Of all the books produced and multiplied to infinity since the birth of letters, the most universally popular are those designed to console the afflicted, to cheer the disconsolate, to enlighten those who have 'lost footing in the maze,' to comfort and help the weak-hearted, and to raise up them that fall. The Bible is, of course, the book of books in this as in other respects; and second only to the Bible in popularity stands the 'Imitation of Christ.' To the same class of literature belong the 'Meditations' of Marcus Aurelius, which, though naturally less read in Christian lands, possess a higher value than à Kempis's work because of their freedom from taint of morbidness. Besides the innumerable books of this description that owe their existence to a single hand, there are uncounted others made up, like the one before us, of selections from the various authors whose writings are best calculated to

minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

and fill with fresh energy and hope the bosom newly cleansed of 'that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart.' The idea of 'Kindly Light' is not, therefore, a new one. The value of the book lies almost wholly in the skill with which the compilers have performed their task. Catholicity of taste is evident on every page. The whole field of literature accessible to English readers seems to have been searched for flowers of sentiment and thought. Job and Victor Hugo; Pythagoras and Matthew Arnold; Buddha and Robert Browning; Saadi and Tennyson; Dante, Emerson, Isaiah, and the Psalms; George MacDonald, Kingsley, Bushnell and Phillips Brooks—these are but a few of the poets and prose-writers whose golden sayings are here set side by side, without fear or favor. There is a brief quotation for every day in the year, beginning with the first stanza of the beautiful hymn from which the volume takes its suggestive title, and ending with 'Ring out the old, ring in the new.' In the words of Dr. Crosby, in his graceful introduction, 'we commend this little book to all sorts and conditions of men and women, to whatever is human and has a human heart, with its capabilities of sorrow and joy, to show them that Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.' A special word is due to the outward form of the volume, with its gilded edges, and symbolic design of flame-balls on the cover.

Minor Notices.

'PRAIRIE EXPERIENCES,' by Major W. Shepherd, R. E., illustrated (Orange Judd Co.), gives the experience of one who was neither exactly a ranchman nor exactly a traveller;

* Kindly Light, Shed from Many Sources upon Every Day in the Year. Compiled by F. T. and E. R. C. With an Introduction by Howard Crosby, D.D., LL.D. \$1. New York: Cassell & Co.

but who, as an Englishman spending twenty months of practical investigation in the West and Northwest, has much to tell that is interesting and that must be helpful. He goes into all the details, and although his book will be of more interest to English than to American readers, it gives hints by which any prospective ranchman may profit. It is to be confessed that the author's final verdict is not enthusiastic; there is a decided tendency toward summing up his experiences as 'beastly'; although his tone throughout the book, if not enthusiastic, is not discouraging, and at times he shows what the artists call a 'feeling' for the prairie; especially in that pregnant phrase which exactly expresses what one feels on the prairie even to one's own amazement: 'You are glad of your isolation.' It is to be remembered, too, that there are ranches and ranches, and we know an æsthetic ranch or two that we could wish Major Shepherd had seen while roughing it.——'HOW SUCCESS IS WON,' by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, with portraits (Lothrop), is a book admirably prepared for the third series of 'Little Biographies.' The Subjects are Peter Cooper, John B. Gough, John Wanamaker, Henry M. Stanley, Johns Hopkins, William M. Hunt, Thomas A. Edison, Dr. J. H. Vincent, Dr. William T. G. Morton and others, and the book has a pleasant literary flavor added to its facts. It is very well written, and is made readable not only by its information, but by its fund of anecdote and illustrative humor.

If the 'A B C Spanish Phrase-Book,' compiled by Frederic R. Guernsey with the assistance of Prof. Juan F. Machado (Boston: E. P. Call), isn't worth fifty cents, it isn't worth anything. To a person who knows the language, or who, not knowing it, doesn't care to know it, it is of course valueless; but to one who is going to Spain or Mexico, Central or South America or the West Indies, on a brief visit, and wishes to provide himself, before he goes, with a small working vocabulary, it is worth its weight in gold. The plan on which it is arranged is a capital one, the key-word in each English sentence being printed in bold, black type, and the sentences themselves being arranged alphabetically according to these key-words.——VALUABLE, also, to tourist or tradesman, is 'Belem's Spanish Phrase Book' (Appleton & Co.), which contains, in lieu of the brief treatise on pronunciation in the former hand-book, several tables showing the conjugations of the verbs. This little volume, prepared by E. M. De Belem on the plan of the late Abbé Bossut, is designed as a sequel to the 'Spanish Word-Book.' It will help one a long way in the direction of acquiring a speaking familiarity with a language that is of growing importance to Americans.

MACMILLAN & Co. send us 'The Statesman's Year-Book' for 1885—the twenty-second annual number of an invaluable book of reference. It shows that Great Britain was in 1884 burdened with a debt of £746,423,964 and a pauper population of 774,310 souls, to say nothing of the disastrous war in the Soudan. The accounts of several countries—Egypt, Italy, Russia, etc.—have been largely recast, and the volume of the book has been increased by twenty pages, making a total now of 900. What statesmen, politicians, editors and speech-makers would do without this book, we can't imagine.——'RAYS OF LIGHT' and 'A Casket of Pearls' are tiny volumes, each containing a scriptural selection for the morning and one for the evening of every day in the month. The selections have been made by E. Keary, and the designs (one for every page) by W. H. S. Thompson; and the little books are issued in decorated covers, at a low price, by Frederick Warne & Co., of London.

'ROSLYN'S FORTUNE,' by Christian Reid (Appleton), is emphatically a 'story,' one of the harmless kind, that a great many people have patience to read to the end and pronounce 'a very pretty story:' ever so many lovers, one

of course entirely unworthy, heaps of conversation, picnics, thunder-storms, moonlit piazzas and sunlit gardens, all converging to the one main thing in the life of a story-reader, the marrying and seeking in marriage.

The Seney Paintings.

At the time of his failure, Mr. George I. Seney, of Brooklyn, had developed unmistakably the signs of the collector's amiable mania. He had first bought largely for his own pleasure in the individual picture, and had then passed on to the next stage, where it is borne in upon one that a 'specimen' of such and such an artist is a thing to be desired. The curious may find it entertaining to examine the several hundred paintings at the rooms of the American Art Association in this light, and guess 'from internal evidence'—very much as in the last resort one must guess at the authenticity of an old master—which picture belongs to the former and which to the latter phase of the collector's career. One guiding thread, but a not infallible one, as it may be imagined, is to take the number of specimens of the different painters present, and argue that the greater the number of specimens the likelier that the painter in question was a first love. This argument we will base on the probability that a man begins a collection by learning to appreciate a few artists only, and instead of at once buying pictures by others, gets new pictures by his favorites. It is only later, when the true collecting disease fastens on him, that he widens his range and becomes ambitious of turning his house into a museum in which every first-rate artist of every fashionable school shall be represented.

Judging Mr. Seney on this theory, we will find that he, or the family of which he is the head, fell in love with Narcisse Diaz de la Peña, a painter as full of color as his own name, and as clever as any of his Spanish fellows at repeating himself with infinite variety. They say of Diaz, meaning it as a scoff, that he had a hundred pictures in his atelier, standing on the floor against the wall, on chimney-piece, bracket and easel, and would run from one to the other, touching up first this, then that—restless, and unconscious that he was a marvel to his friends and a by-word to the indifferent. Something like this has been told of Mr. George Inness, of New York. Such gossip defeats its object; for the ultimate proof is the picture, which is a fact; while the how, the how long, the with which, the canvas was painted, are at the most matters of curiosity, and do not affect by one jot the value of the result. Among Mr. Seney's fifteen Diazes, there are good, less good, and tame pieces; wood-interiors from Fontainebleau, that remain in memory like the recollection of a glorious day or a wonderful view; landscapes that seem hardly genuine; and others that have the true stamp, but tell of indifference on the part of the painter. Dupré seems to have been another favorite, nine specimens of a good average proving Mr. Seney's enjoyment of his robust, rich, thoughtful style. Here is the dark wood with a gleaming sunset under the boughs, the champaign country with fine clouds and little brown patches on the meadows, which at the right distance resolve themselves into the backs of cows. Rousseau, again, is largely represented; but in his case the test of numbers fails. It is probable that Théodore Rousseau began for Mr. Seney what we will call the third phase of the collector. For after getting a great many pictures merely because he wants an example of each, the collector who has not become utterly depraved, who has not been irrevocably committed to the rut of owning for the sake of owning, begins to dimly descry the absurdity of making his house a museum, and with the sharpened faculties of him who has made his studies through the cold agency of a cheque-book, takes again to certain painters, but in a very different spirit from that in which he took to them when new to the difficulties of collecting. Rousseau appears to represent this renaissance

in Mr. Seney—a renaissance that unhappily occurs to only a few rich men; for the most part they never get farther than phase number two, and there helplessly stick, regarding themselves, and being regarded by the innocent, as prodigies of connoisseurship.

It would be impossible to indicate here a quarter of the good pictures in this collection, and probably unnecessary, considering the space which the daily papers have given to names and estimates. It contains something of pretty much everything—a fine little Meissonier; a big, sentimental Madonna, by Bouguereau, with a group of angels in white china; a large private-theatrical Romeo and Juliet, by Carl Becker; a fair Alma Tadema; an excellent Vibert; a goodish Dagnan-Bouveret; some capital Munkacsys; various spirited scenes with horses, by Poles of note; American landscapes and figure-pictures by Eastman Johnson, Knight, Bridgman, Inness, Whittridge, J. G. Brown, Murphy, McEntee, Smillie, etc.—none of the very first choice, or otherwise indicative that Mr. Seney appreciates what is great in American art. This collection is the largest and contains the greatest number of fine pictures of any sold in this city for many years. It has two Rousseaus, for example, which are quite beyond criticism—the morning view on the Oise, and the blonde picture of large oaks. The sale will be held at Chickering Hall for three nights—March 31 and April 1 and 2,—entrance being allowed to holders of tickets only.

Victor Hugo's Sketch of Franklin's House.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In the spring of 1865, Victor Hugo confided to me in Paris a sketch, made by himself, of the house occupied by Franklin during his eight-years' sojourn as our Minister to the Court of France. It was his contribution to the great fair organized in New York for the relief of the soldiers wounded in our Civil War, and was made at the instance of the late Prof. Doremieulx, to whom I sent it. Having a motive a few years later to secure a copy of this sketch, I asked Prof. d'Orémieulx if he could give me any clew to its whereabouts. He told me that he could not, for no record was kept of the names of purchasers, nor of the prices which the articles brought. I have always been hoping that a memorial possessing two such durable and conspicuous titles to the interest of Americans as necessarily attached to a sketch of Franklin's residence by Victor Hugo would, like the bodies of the drowned, come to the surface again somewhere after an interval. In this hope I have thus far been disappointed. It has just occurred to me that any person who was wise enough to purchase this sketch would naturally be an habitual reader of THE CRITIC, and my purpose in writing this note is to ask whether it cannot in some way penetrate the mystery which envelopes the proprietorship of this sketch, and learn where and how it may be seen. Victor Hugo told me in 1877 that what he sent me was a copy; that he had the original somewhere, but where, no one was likely to learn till he should sleep with his fathers, and the literary lumber and rubbish in his garret should be handed over to his executors.

As it is one of your self-imposed functions, I observe, to find things that are lost, and to supply literary and artistic links that are missing, I offer no apology for asking you to use all your resources to recover the trail of this interesting memorial.

NEW YORK, 14 March, 1885.

JOHN BIGELOW.

A Chance for American Genius.

THE Academy of Sciences in Turin has given the customary notice that a prize of 12,000 francs (about \$2400) will be awarded to the person who, in the quadrennial period of 1883-6, 'avrà fatto la più insigne ed utile scoperta, o prodotto l'opera più celebre in fatto di scienze fisiche e sperimentale, storia naturale, matematiche pure ed applicate,

chimica, fisiologia, e patologia, non escluse la geologia, la storia, la geografia, e la statistica.' Has any American savant a chance of conferring upon the United States the honor of having made in these four years 'the most striking and useful discovery, or produced the most celebrated work in physical and experimental science, natural history, pure and applied mathematics, chemistry, physiology and pathology, not excluding geology, history, geography and statistics?' The challenge cup for the best yacht is sailed for under the very proper condition that the New York Yacht Club shall specify the competitors. The Turin Academy might naturally ask that the United States should nominate say three persons, from whom, as the Pope selects an Archbishop, the Italians may choose the best man. Besides, there may be some one who, having made a great discovery, is baffled or thwarted in its publication; or, with the modesty of true genius, does not justly estimate its worth. Merit would be encouraged, and vanity checked, by a preliminary decision between the contestants. Therefore THE CRITIC solicits three names. The candidates, being thus before the public, will be in a position to seek the endorsement of the scientific societies to which they belong. The contest is between the arts and sciences as well as between nations and individuals. Who claims the prize, or names the winner? Lieut. Greeley has most nearly reached the Pole. Mr. Roebing has built the greatest bridge. Mr. David Dudley Field is a contestant with Justinian and Napoleon for the immortal honors of a Code. But which is *dignissimus*, or who is *dignior*?

An Absurd Contretemps.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The absurd injustice which Mr. Cross, in his 'Life of George Eliot,' does to the memory of his wife, and the total absence of humor, and even propriety, with which he has jumbled together miscellaneous scraps of this, that, and the other letter, without asterisks, dates, or diacritical marks to distinguish them, must have called forth from the lovers and admirers of George Eliot many a silent protest. I append in justification of what I say the two following extracts, the first addressed to Mr. John Blackwood, of *Blackwood's Magazine*, the other found immediately under it, without anything to indicate that the two scraps belong to two entirely different persons:—'I am not aware that the motto [to "Scenes from Clerical Life"] has been used before, but if you suspect it, we had better leave it out altogether. A stale motto would hardly be an ornament to the title-page.' 'How I wish I could get to you by some magic, and have one walk over the hill with you again. Letters are poor things compared with five minutes of looking and speaking, and one kiss!'

These absurd *contretemps* occur continually throughout the book, and I for one enter an indignant protest against the carelessness which they exhibit.

March 8, 1885.

LYRA.

[Our correspondent has evidently been reading the Franklin Square Library edition of the 'Life and Letters.' As the three volumes of this edition are, typographically, the best yet issued in the Franklin Square series, it is a pity that they should be defective in other respects.]

The Lounger

HAVING read in one of the daily papers that Mr. Horace Howard Furness, the well-known Shakespearean scholar, of Philadelphia, was the fortunate possessor of Shakespeare's gloves, the Shakespeare death-mask, and Yorick's skull, I dropped him a line to ask what truth there might be in the statement. His reply is interesting and characteristically humorous, so I need apologize to no one but himself for making room for it in this column:

'It is e'en so. I do own Shakespeare's gloves, and have done so any time these ten years. Since you ask me what they are

like, I send you a photograph of them. They were given to Garrick at the Stratford Jubilee in 1769 by John Ward, the actor, who had received them in 1746 from a first cousin of Shakespeare, once removed, with the assurance that they were genuine. On the death of Garrick they passed, with all other personal effects, to his widow, who at her death, in 1822, bequeathed them to Mrs. Siddons, who in turn bequeathed them to Mrs. George Combe, of Edinburgh, her daughter, who bequeathed them to Mrs. F. A. Kemble, who gave them to me. I have also quite a log from Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree. This, too, was once Garrick's, and afterwards J. Crofton Croker's. It is a piece which Fairholt, a most careful antiquarian, considered genuine, and from which the small piece, now carefully preserved at Stratford, was sawed. I have *not* the "death-mask" if by that you mean the Kesselstadt mask.

'I have Yorick's skull; that is, it was so affirmed to be, during thirty years, before thousands of people, and without a murmur of contradiction, from the stage of the Walnut Street Theatre, by Kean, Macready, the Booths, Forrest, and others. If universal repute be worth anything, then is this Yorick's own skull. By the way, if you will turn to page 9 of "Curiosities of the Search Room," in Harper's Franklin Square Library, you will find that a certain John Reed bequeathed his head to the Walnut Street Theatre, with directions that his skull be properly prepared and used as Yorick's ever after. In the belief that I owned John Reed's chapless skull, about two weeks ago I undertook to verify the story, and found that John Reed is still the owner of John Reed's skull, which is still "padded round with flesh and fat." His will was only inchoate. As a public performer, therefore, my skull still remains Yorick's. What it was in private life I think will be a good test for my friends the "mejums." One very celebrated medium has already, in rapt vision, seen its original owner, and given me a description of him. Now let us see how this description will tally with those which I trust future mediums will give me. If they all agree, a remarkably good thing will be scored for clairvoyance.'

REGARDING autograph-hunters, a friend of mine (one of the hunted) enters this singular protest:—What shall I think of the person who, while politely requesting me to transcribe some poems of mine which he is so kind as to commend, encloses a neatly printed copy of 'Verses' or 'Lines,' of which he is the author? Now the delicate point under consideration is this: Is printed copy fair exchange for written copy? If it is not, why then does my correspondent solicit an autograph copy of my poem, while sending me his own in cold print? But I am, perhaps, too exacting. It would no doubt be a severe drain upon the time and patience of a collector, were he compelled to accompany each request for an autograph with his 'Verses' copied by his own hand; indeed, I can but think that the labor thus involved would have the effect greatly to diminish his zeal.

C. W. SENDS me this interesting pun from the Hebrew:—A New York daily says: 'One of the oldest puns of which we have documentary evidence, if the term be permitted, has just been unearthed at Athens. An inscription has been found setting forth the virtues of a soldier named Pyrgos, which, being interpreted, means tower or fort. The inscription goes on to say that in character also he had the qualities of a tower.' But this is a very hasty conclusion. Long before the race of Pyrgos was known to history, Semitic literature was enriched by phrases containing similar instances of paronomasia. The example most in point may be found in Genesis, xlix. 19: 'Gad, a troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at the last.' The Hebrew contains only six words: 'Gad gadud egdennu, wahu agud yakeb;' literally, 'Trooper, troop troops him, but he troops last.'

The Mahdi and British India.

[Richard Temple, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

IN reference to current events in the Soudan, it is of importance to arrive at an opinion as to the effect which the fall of Khartoum and the fate of General Gordon are likely to have on the Native mind in India, and whether the re-capture of that place by British arms is necessary, or highly desirable, for maintaining that Empire of Opinion which belongs to us in the East.

On so serious a question as this, anything like violence of expression is to be deprecated. Some may say hastily that unless a victorious advance is at once made on Khartoum, India will be in a ferment, and the Mohammedans will think that the Cross is yielding to the Crescent—and so on. We should rather

try to approach the matter in a calm temper, and use moderate, even guarded, language—remembering that what we say and write in London is likely to be criticised by Oriental as well as by European readers.

Now, allowing that lustre is being shed on British arms during the expedition on the Upper Nile, and that victory was snatched from almost within our grasp, through no military default of our own—we must all admit that the fate of Khartoum and of Gordon is a considerable misfortune, likely to move all Oriental minds and to stir deeply the Mohammedan heart. The Arabs have fought with a furious devotion, recalling the memory of the early Caliphate. The Mahdi has now for many months maintained a persistent defiance. His tribal organization has withstood the discouragement of several bloody defeats. The old enthusiasm for the Great Prophet, and for a succession of lesser prophets down to this day, is thus proved to be still burning in the souls of some hundreds of thousands of fanatics. The combined result has been to foil for a time the trained legions of England. The immediate retrieval of this check is not expected. The Desert is the oft-tried ally of the sunburnt followers of Islam. And the spectacle of white soldiery toiling along the thirsty sands is impressive to all people, especially to Mohammedans. The Soudanese may be in rebellion against their sovereign, the Sultan, and his deputy the Khedive; they may be slaveholders fighting for slavery—no matter, they are waving the green banner in the face of the infidels from Europe. Moreover, the position of Gordon will have been regarded quite as highly by Indians and all Orientals as by the most patriotic Englishman. They will have looked upon him as an envoy bearing the commission of England and clothed with English authority. His fate will be in their eyes a case of *laesa majestas* for England.

This situation then is embarrassing to England as the Power which of all Powers has the greatest number of Mohammedan subjects. The Sultan of Turkey may have so many millions, so may the Shah of Persia. France may have some millions of Moslems in North Africa, so may Russia in Central Asia. But what are any of these totals compared with the forty millions of Mohammedans directly under British rule in India, besides the many millions under British control or British influence in Afghanistan, Beluchistan, the shores of the Persian Gulf, Southern Arabia, Zanzibar, and Eastern Africa? We have, too, a position to maintain with the purely Mohammedan States; we have to prop up the tottering independence of Persia and of Turkey; under the arrangement of 1878 we have a certain sort of protectorate over Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Syria and Palestine. For England, thus holding the very first political position in the Mohammedan world, it is a serious affair to be thwarted under arms, and to be kept at bay in the mid-valley of the Nile. Nor do the Anglo-Mohammedans constitute the only subject or dependent nationality in which political fermentation is possible, and which is affected by the sight of British reverses. The entire Hindu race, making up the largest item, numerically, in the British Empire, notes whether the star of England is in the ascendant; and among them several tribes—notably, the Maharrattas, the Sikhs, the Gorkhas—are susceptible of national emotions. Some considerable sections of the Buddhists, too—especially the Burmese—are on the watch.

Without attempting to minimize the Khartoum events, we should decline to admit that they give any immediate shock to British dominion in the East. This dominion is too well founded to be shaken all at once; it bears up against the yet graver mishaps that occur in this quarter and in that. The blows of adversity must needs descend from time to time, but the back of British power is strong enough to bear them; indeed, as a political force, that power would not be worth much unless it possessed a vital endurance. Nevertheless, this check, in the face of Khartoum and of the Soudan, is just one of those events which, if left un-retrieved, might prove a link in a chain of circumstances that would hereafter drag down the British Empire in the East.

To understand the operation of these adverse causes, let us reflect for a moment on what our power in India rests? Professor Seeley, in Lectures III. and IV., Course II., of his recent work, 'The Expansion of England,' has shown that we hold that vast India, not by conquest, nor by any masterful force, but through the goodwill or the consent of the people there. This argument, though somewhat nakedly and incisively put by the brilliant author, has much truth in it. Let us analyze, however, exactly the main elements in this imperial tenure. Though some classes, such as the native Christians, the Parsis, the banking caste, are bound up with us; though many native Princes are closely interested in England as their paramount, though there

are touching instances of individual fidelity not to be surpassed in any age or clime—yet we are not to expect from the Indians in the mass that national loyalty which Englishmen feel towards England. We must rather understand that in fact Indians sigh for the secular supremacy of their religion, and for a polity that shall be their own. These blessings, however, being unattainable, they submit in this (for them) 'iron age' to British rule.

The factors, then, in our power over the Indian people are these: 1. Good government, better far than anything that has ever been had, or could otherwise be got nowadays; and this, despite faults or shortcomings. 2. A popular goodwill hence arising, and an acquiescence in a system which is the only popular one, if quiet is to be enjoyed by a much vexed and long-suffering people. 3. The existence, in the country itself, of English military force, and the conviction that a still greater English force exists beyond the sea. 4. The certainty that any outrage against British people will be visited with a punishment which, though not vindictive at all, must be adequate. 5. The cohesion of Englishmen among themselves, all acting with one mind against Oriental adversaries. 6. The tenacity of English purpose, the anxiety of Englishmen for doing that which they have once said they would do, and for adhering to their word.

Now among these six factors of British ascendancy over the Indian mind, one only is material, while the remaining five are moral. This is an analysis of what is meant by the Empire of Opinion. And the factors are interdependent; none of them would be efficacious without the others; in combination they are like stones of an arch, forming a compact mass; if any one of them be taken out there is danger of collapse. The just government, and the goodwill therefrom resulting, would not save our rule without the military force on the spot. Nor would any force that we could maintain there be at all sufficient, unless the people were in the main well-disposed. But even with these cardinal advantages, it would be hard for Europeans to preserve their position if, being few and far between, constantly surrounded by infinitely superior numbers, confronted too with fanatical violence, they were liable to attack and outrage. Therefore the sanctity of European life, as a vivid idea, has always been kept in a strong light before the mind of Indians. The certainty of condign punishment following outrage is stamped on their imagination. They are taught by oft-repeated experience that it is not only dangerous but futile to assail British rule through the persons of its representatives. If a British officer is struck down murderously, not only is the slayer doomed, but the Government remains undaunted and the gap is instantly filled. In a hundred ways is this lesson taught to the evil-disposed. The cohesion of Englishmen in time of public trouble—so unlike the practice of Orientals—is a marvel to Indians, and is regarded as one of the secrets of our political success. The phrase referring to unity of will has a perfect counterpart in the Indian language, as 'ek rai'; the words 'one mind' and the words 'ek rai', in the English and the Indian respectively, have the same significance and are applied to the same circumstances precisely. It is violent disunion among themselves that has caused the Indians to be a subject-nation for many centuries; they think, then, that it is the ultimate union among her sons, despite differences of opinion, which makes England the mistress. If there were disruption, if one set of Englishmen were to aim at spoiling the national policy, if the minority applied itself to frustrate the measures adopted by the majority—as is usually the case with Orientals—then British rule would crumble away, despite all its other forces. But the Indians see that this disunion never comes to pass. Again, the strong tendency of England towards doing that which she has declared she will do is thoroughly understood by the Indians, and that is a wholesome belief for them to entertain. Agitation—which if unchecked among a vast and excitable population would be embarrassing—is thus checked. Infirmary of purpose and vacillation in action are among the well-known faults of Asiatics; but the Indians believe that the British faults lie in the very opposite direction, and British persistency commands even the unwilling admiration of opponents. Lastly, above and beyond all these factors, there is the knowledge that British rule has a national basis beyond 'the black water.' Such knowledge has been ever present with the Indians; they see that our material power in India is strong, and has been augmented by mechanical means within the last few years; still they know that, on the spot, this alone would never be strong enough, were it not backed by ulterior resources in the home of the British race. This principle was exemplified when in 1857 England sent out a fresh European army to re-establish her dominion after the back of the Indian Mutiny had been broken. Doubtless it is to this that English

statesmen refer when they speak of 'the keys' not being in Calcutta or in any political centre adjacent to India, but in London.

Now let us apply the consideration of these factors to the case of Khartoum and Gordon. If after having gone so far we were now to pause, several of the moral forces embodied in these factors would be weakened, if not shaken. Let any person acquainted with the East, and free from political bias one way or the other, quietly reflect as to what the Indians will think of us if we now hesitate? What will they begin to say among themselves, if, after undertaking to rescue Gordon and his faithful adherents from Khartoum, after despatching an expedition for hundreds of miles up the Nile with well-equipped troops of the bravest type, under a renowned General like Wolseley, after collecting marine resources from distant quarters for river navigation past cataract-rapids heretofore deemed impassable, we flinch at what will be termed the final crisis? It were vain to tell Orientals that after our hard-won successes on the Nile, and in the Nile desert, we had done enough to vindicate British authority. They would wonder whether we found the enterprise too hard for completion, or the resistance too stiff, or whether the farther we penetrated the weaker we felt, and so on. It were equally vain to define to them any limitation of the objects of the expedition, to explain that it was intended only to rescue Gordon and his garrison, if alive. They will not really comprehend this; they will say that we went to take and occupy that city which Gordon had so long defended. They will not consider that we are at all committed to stay permanently in Khartoum or to set up British rule there. But they will expect us to vindicate our authority, to evince our mastery, and then, if we see fit, to retire with honor after settling the country in such form as may be practicable. They have seen us thus retire on several occasions previously, and will not be surprised to see us do so again. But they have never seen us retire in the face of an enemy *re infecta*. To begin showing them such a novel sight nowadays, right in front of Khartoum, would be dangerous. A retirement which they would regard as premature, then, would weaken their faith in several of the factors which constitute the moral basis of our power in the East. They might begin to doubt whether, as of yore, there is a certainty of punishment following the death of Europeans and their trusty adherents; whether England is now quite as united within herself in the presence of trouble as she has heretofore been; whether she has still the tenacious adherence as of old to her line once taken up; whether she has yet that resourcefulness at her Imperial headquarters which has long been the centre of power radiating almost throughout the world. If doubt on these cardinal points were once to creep into the Indian mind, then a sap is begun near the basement of British rule. A sapping process may be slow, but it is generally sure.

In the Khartoum case there are two points specially provocative to the Indian mind. The city was not taken by the Mahdi, but its gate was opened to him through the treachery of certain persons in command of Gordon's own troops. Presumably the traitors are now in power within Khartoum, enjoying the fruit of their treachery. By virtue of all Oriental precedents they ought to be proceeded against, not revengefully at all, but punitively. They should be brought as criminals to the bar. If they are in force, then Indians will think that, according to British traditions, this is all the greater reason why superior force should be exerted against them. Again, it is reported that the families have been murdered of those faithful men who issued forth from Khartoum to join us. If, on inquiry, this shall prove true, then not only does English honor dictate, but also the exigency of Asiatic opinion requires, that we should do our utmost to bring these women-slayers to justice. Our character stands so high that no Oriental will permit himself to doubt our loyalty to duty in this respect, or our energetic sympathy with the griefs of those faithful ones who have suffered in our cause. But if any indifference on our part were suspected, the effect on the Indian mind would be most injurious.

In these times, day by day, the spread of education is rendering the Indians more and more intelligent in respect of politics as of other things; more and more appreciative of all the weak as well as of the strong points in the British Empire; and consequently we are obliged to pay increasing heed to public opinion among them. To their sentiments, or to what may be regarded by some as their prejudices, we have always been considerate; but it is only of late that their political opinion has become developed, and we must now attend to that also. In this matter the fast-growing Vernacular Press is a prime mover; but further, the Anglo-Indian press—which is specially skilled in collating the news of the world at large—disseminates information not only among its English constituents, but also among a

circle of Indian readers who have learnt our language. The most cursory glance at the events of the last few years, as concerning the British in the East, will show how very much of *pabulum* has been afforded to those who supply political news to the Indians. We need not look so far back as the time from 1877 to 1879, with the Afghan operations, the Zulu campaign, the Russo-Turkish war, the Berlin Conference—all of which sensibly moved the Indian mind. Even if there was a brief lull after that, we readily see how fast has been the march of events specially interesting to Indians. For the last five or six years the Indian press, both in the English and in the Vernacular, have been retailing to the people the news of the subjugation of the Turcomans, and the occupation of Merv by Russia, the introduction of railways into Central Asia, the bombardment of Alexandria, and the victories of Wolseley over Arabi, the hard fighting near Suakin, the operations of the French in Tunis, in Madagascar, in Tonquin, in Formosa; the critical situation of the Chinese Government; the expansion of Germany in the Australasian archipelago; the beginning of establishment on the Red Sea shore by France and Italy; the British protectorate in New Guinea, and elsewhere; the progress of the Borneo Company. Irrespective of other events in which India may feel a secondary interest, these events above mentioned are considered by Indians as primarily interesting. In some cases the course of affairs has been in favor of England, in other cases against her. We can but hope that the effect of the whole upon the Indian mind has not been prejudicial. But we should be flattering ourselves if we imagined that the Indian mind is restful and quite confident in respect of us, or that it is entirely free from anxious suspense on our account. The good old reliance is still sustained when they see that England is aroused; nor is it immediately damaged even by the concussion of adverse events. It has grown gradually, and, unless we incur some unusual disasters, it will wane as gradually, if indeed we ever permit it to wane, as I hope we shall not.

Still, with all that has happened within the Indian purview during recent years, and is still happening, we should be doubly careful that nothing goes really wrong with us in the Egyptian Soudan, and that we deal with Khartoum in a manner that shall be deemed worthy of us, not only by Europe and by Egypt, but also by the Oriental nationalities under our charge.

The attitude of the Vernacular Press of India has not been wholly satisfactory towards political affairs. In many respects it has been well-disposed, and in some respects signally loyal; but in matters of foreign policy it has been sometimes very disloyal. So grave were the symptoms some years ago, that special legislation had to be passed temporarily. Afterwards this restriction was abandoned, and we must trust that the Vernacular Press will prove fit to proceed unrestricted. Even if nothing politically objectionable appears in vernacular print nowadays, yet native publicists are writing about the advance of Russia in Central Asia, and discussing the effect which such movements may have on British policy in India, assuming apparently that Russia is sufficiently near to attract the regard of England, and possibly to modify the conduct of the English towards the Indians. All such assumptions are, of course, to be deprecated; indeed, their existence in any shape is inconvenient. Again, the organs of native opinion seem to be increasingly ambitious of political power within India itself. Now, local self-government in India is a most commendable thing, but there must be a limit even to that while we hold the reins and are answerable for guiding as well as defending the State. And while encouraging all legitimate aspirations, we are sorry to see that some aspirations spring up which are not legitimate, and can only end in disappointment. The inference from these phenomena is clear, that we should look well to the just dignity of our political conduct respecting Khartoum and Gordon, for the sake of public opinion in India, over and above all other considerations. The natives have a retentive memory for political antecedents. It was the memory of certain circumstances in the Afghan war of 1840-1 that suggested, in conjunction with other reasons, the Indian Mutiny sixteen years later. God grant that nothing shall occur in the Soudan to put mischief hereafter into the thoughts of the evil-disposed in India.

On hearing of the fate of Gordon at Khartoum, the natives of India will recall several notable precedents. They will think at once how Macnaghten was treacherously murdered at Cabul in 1841, and a British army of retribution retook that capital; how Agnew was cut down at Multan in 1848, predicting with his latest words that, where he fell singly, there thousands of his countrymen would come, to punish his slayers—a prediction which was fulfilled; how, in 1857, during the Great Mutiny, the Government, merciful in many ways, and ready to grant am-

nesty to rebels, was inflexible in prosecuting those who had been concerned in the murder of Europeans; how, in 1879, Cavagnari at Cabul, with his escort, a little band, was destroyed by armed multitudes, and within some few weeks a British force entered the guilty city. They will probably hold that the case of Gordon at Khartoum falls within the category of these precedents; and as yet they believe that England is constant to her traditions. Many lesser precedents might be cited, but the case of Gordon is so grand, that it should not be compared with any Indian precedents, save the most striking.

I have said that the personal safety of Europeans in the East, though by no means inviolable, is generally inviolate because of the fear which possesses the Indian mind. Nevertheless, untoward events occur from time to time which, though they fail to disturb the even tenor of British administration, do yet serve to keep alive a jealous vigilance, such as the assassination of a Frontier Commissioner in 1853, of a Chief Justice in 1871, of a Viceroy in 1872, and the attempt to poison a Political Resident in 1875. In these instances treachery was a main element; Gordon's fate will come home to the Indian mind almost as if he had been in India, and that, too, was due to treachery. Again, while it is true that on the whole a Roman peace has reigned in India, still not a year elapses without troops being called into the field for some service or the other, and no decade has passed without some internal *émeutes*. Take the last decade from 1870 to 1880. In that short space there was a fanatical outbreak near the Satlej in the Punjab, a rising in the hill country near the east coast of the Madras Presidency, an attempted rising in Sonthalia on the Behar border, a violent agrarian disturbance in Bengal, a bad Mohammedan plot centring in Patna and branching to Calcutta, a formidable riot at Surat in Guzerat, an organized plundering in the Bombay Deccan, besides other instances that might be adduced—all showing that India has inflammable material which untoward events, happening anywhere within India view, might easily ignite.

Further, though we have the main factors of strength, moral and material, already enumerated, though we may count on the faithful loyalty of the Native Princes, the active goodwill of the moneyed classes, the passive contentment of the great agricultural interest,—still we must reckon with several sections of discontent, with some of the priestly classes who see their influence melting away in the sunlight of British civilization, with some titled clans that have unavoidably lost wealth and status by the change from Native to British rule, with the restless spirits that cannot find a scope for immoderate ambition under a stable system like ours, with a mob which seems to have a nucleus in every Indian capital, and which usually breaks out if by any chance the civil power seems to be momentarily embarrassed. Though we have every right to expect loyalty from the educated classes trained through our language in our modes of thought, yet we cannot depend unreservedly upon that. For although the great majority of this class are happily loyal, still some, forming a minority which we cannot estimate with exactness, are vaguely discontented to a degree which verges on disloyalty. Thus, although our Eastern power is safe so long as we do the best for ourselves everywhere, not only in India itself, but in all countries within its range of vision, still there are elements of insecurity which are not to be trifled with, and which might become dangerously aggravated if we permitted the moral force of Opinion to be weakened. Certainly the Soudan does fall within this range; besides, the fact that the Mahdi has many millions of co-religionists in India, the employment of native Indian troops in Egypt, and in the littoral tract of the Soudan itself, and the contemplated employment of them again for service there under certain contingencies, must keep the case of Gordon and Khartoum uppermost in Indian thought. If in front of Khartoum the British Government were to act in a manner different from that in which it has usually acted in the face of all Asia, then unfavorable notions might sink deep in the Indian heart.

I have confined myself to the effect on the Eastern mind likely to be produced by the events at Khartoum, without in the least entering on the questions relating to Egypt, to the rest of Africa, or to Europe, in connection therewith; all these are quite separate matters. It may be added, however, that those who advocate the capture of Khartoum are not actuated by any revengeful feelings against the Arabs, whose valor alone commands respect. We need not here consider how far the Mahdi and his Arabs are patriots fighting for their country, or fanatics striving for their religion, or slaveholders battling for slavery. They have seized a town as yet belonging to Egypt, and held by a garrison which England has declared to be under her protection; they have killed or captured a British representative. They are then

at war with us, and should be subdued by military operations conducted according to the rules of civilized warfare. They may be wounded or killed while fighting, otherwise they would not be hurt, nor would any of them be punished except on proof of actual crime.

In conclusion then, if the various considerations now adduced are admitted, it follows that the fall of Khartoum and the fate of Gordon must have a bad effect upon India and the East, unless the reverse shall be retrieved, and that from this point of view the recapture of that place is extremely desirable; so desirable, indeed, that it becomes hard to draw the line between urgent expediency and necessity.

At Washington, March 4, 1885.

[R. H. Stoddard, in *Harper's Weekly*.]

WHAT constitutes a State? Not arms, nor arts,
Stout sinews, nor the will that makes them strong;
It is upbuilt in heroic hearts,
Self-circling through the harmonies of song.
Before it, like light clouds, the Years disperse,
Parting to-day above this stately dome,
Within whose pillared halls the hours rehearse
More tragic issues than dispeopled Rome.
Behold yon marble shaft that cleaves the skies,
Far-seen beyond the circle of the hills;
And gathered here a host with reverent eyes,
Whose depths unsunned the light of Freedom fills.
And *he* whom they have chosen to bear the weight
Of more than monarchy—through these the State.

Musa Victrix.

[Edith M. Thomas, in *The Independent*.]

WHO can bar the way of song?
Who can do the Muse a wrong?
Ne'er could bondsman bondsman be,
If she willed to set him free.
Though he kept Admetus's flocks,
He would see the trees and rocks,
And a thousand wild feet, dancing
To his pipes and glees entrancing!

Thoroughfares and crowded courts
Cannot spoil the Muse's sports;
Walls scholastic, tradesman's frown
Cannot hedge nor put her down:
While we plod, she's flown to find
Haunts more suited to her mind;
Or, if any should gainsay,
She can sweep the crowd away,
Bound and landmark can displace
For her royal pleasure-chase.

Oh! the masker! Oh! the scout!
Deft as Love, in seeking out
Those on whom she casts her charm!
Once upon a mountain farm,
As a plowman drove the share,
Fell a blossom small and fair;
Then she bade him sing for pity
The shorn daisy's passing ditty.
Once into a lecture-room,
On a morn of Summer bloom,
Phœbus sent an arrow bright.
Only one could read aright
What was couched in airy flame:
'Through the room a sunbeam came,
Troops of shining creatures in it!
No delay—that very minute
I was off, with their light band,
To Oberon and Fairyland!
Who can bar the way of song?
Who can do the Muse a wrong?

Current Criticism

SENDING SOLDIERS TO CERTAIN DEATH:—M. de Lesseps in the course of an interview related by the *Paris Matin* said:—I have repeatedly warned the English that to send an expedition to the Soudan was to send soldiers to certain death. As for ancient Nubia, or Ethiopia, it is a country in which, as if in a sea, whole armies of conquerors have been engulfed. Cam-

* Related of Keats.

byses left 100,000 men on the deserts, and he was only too glad to return home with a handful of followers. The son of Mehemet Ali was burned in his camp, with his army. To attempt to conquer the Soudan by force is a dream. It is quite possible to give laws to and to govern these intelligent, heroically brave races. In order to reach Khartoum, whatever the route taken, one must cross deserts in which there is absolutely no water. An army whether going or returning will always be an easy prey to the warlike populations of Nubia. These can turn on the enemy as many as 100,000 fighting men, for whom death is only a secondary consideration, and who would be scoffed at by the women if they returned to their villages without having avenged the deaths of their companions. The longer the struggle is continued against the Soudan, the more difficult will be the effecting of a settlement. Two years ago it would have been easy to negotiate; now it is difficult, the animosity of these fanatical soldiers having been roused.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

MR. PATER'S GRACE OF STYLE:—There is no living writer who excels Mr. Pater in grace of style. He does not indulge in passages of sustained eloquence, but every word he writes is calculated to be the best word in that place, to have its full signification brought out. Here and there, of course, there are passages of exceptional beauty; but fine as these are, Mr. Pater's special faculty for verbal expression is more noticeable in his occasional use of certain words which in his mouth, so to speak, act like a charm. While he is the most rhythmical of English prose-writers, his is the music of the viola rather than of the violin.—*The Athenaeum*.

OMAR KHAYYAM'S AGE:—Miss Amelia B. Edwards, in her review of the new edition of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam with Elihu Vedder's drawings (*Academy*, November 29, 1884), says that the poet lived and died about eight hundred years ago, and that the dates of his birth and death are not exactly known. The date of his birth is not exactly known, but that of his death is. Omar left the Nishapur College in 1042, corrected the Calendar during Malik Shah's reign (1072-92), and died in 1124, over one hundred years of age, at Nishapur, where his grave is still to be seen. Omar and his two celebrated school-fellows, the great minister of the Seljuks, Nizam el Mulk, and the founder of the Ismaili Dynasty (the Assassins), Hassan Sabak, were, as Nizam el Mulk says in his *Vassaya*, quoted by Khondemir, of about the same age, and Nizam el Mulk was born in the year 1017. The minister was killed by one of Hassan's followers in the year 1092. Hassan died, shortly after Omar, in the year 1125.—*A. Houtum-Schindler, in The Academy*.

ART'S BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY:—Until the public taste can be rectified and exalted, we need self-denying artists, who will court poverty rather than betray their trusts as those to whom genius has confided the instruction of the public in the pure, the beautiful, and the sublime. It is not so many thousands for a picture that they must seek, but so many efforts to do good to mankind and to lead the mind out from the sensuous and in animal to the ideal and divine. His is the godlike genius who will teach men without regard to returns, who from his lofty position will find his joy in giving to others, and not in seeking gain for himself. In such hands, art will be redeemed from its present Babylonian captivity; it will be brought back to its own heaven-ordained land. It will no longer be imitative and realistic, but creative and ideal, and thus the way will be opened for its healthiest influence and its truest triumphs. It will no longer stand on the pleasure-giving, money-taking level of the modern theatre, but assume its rightful seat on high, with law, education and religion.—*Dr. Howard Crosby, in the Tribune and other Papers*.

Notes.

—A 'COMPANION to the Revised Old Testament,' showing what changes were made by the revisers, and the reasons for making them, by Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, will be issued by Funk & Wagnalls simultaneously with the appearance of the Revised Old Testament.

—We have received from Minkman & Co., Arnheim, Holland, a prospectus—printed in blue and maroon on pale blue paper—of the forthcoming French edition of M. Minkman's book 'L'Harmonie dans l'Imprimerie.' The original edition, in

Dutch, has been favorably noticed by the principal trade-journals of this country and Europe, and the method of printing in colors proposed by the author has met the approval of such practical judges as Hachette, of Paris, and Brockhaus, of Leipzig.

—Mr. Donald G. Mitchell gave his lecture on 'Dr. Samuel Johnson, and Some Club-men of his Time,' at Wells College, on Thursday evening of last week.

—A revised edition of Knox's 'United States Notes,' with the figures brought down to 1885, has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. An edition of this valuable book has been brought out in London.

—G. E. Vincent writes from Yale College:—In reading Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici' the other day, I came across a passage in which the author takes a materialistic view of miracles, and suggests that naphtha may have aided Elias in bringing fire from heaven. An old sea-captain, in one of Mark Twain's short sketches, dispels the mystery surrounding this same occasion, by asserting that Elias used petroleum, instead of water, and during his prayer secretly applied a match. It would seem that the learned physician had anticipated our great humorist by more than two centuries.

—*Babyhood* is still in its infancy, being as yet but four months old; but it is a lusty child, and gives promise of reaching a vigorous youth and sturdy manhood under the wise guardianship of Dr. Leroy M. Yale and Marion Harland. We have no doubt that it will improve as it grows older, but it is an admirable paper as it stands.

—A periodical destined to reflect great credit on American scholarship is the newly founded *American Journal of Archaeology*, published in Baltimore under the editorship of Dr. A. L. Frothingham, Jr., of Johns Hopkins. Dr. Frothingham has secured the active co-operation of the ablest students of archaeology and the history of the fine arts in this country, and makes an auspicious start with the January number, just issued. The opening paper, by Prof. C. E. Norton, is (appropriately) on 'The First American Classical Archaeologist'—J. J. Middleton, author of 'Grecian Remains in Italy' (London: 1812). Dr. Charles Waldstein, of Cambridge University, writes of 'The Panathenaic Festival and the Central Slab of the Pantheon Frieze'; and, in addition to other 'body' articles, there are departments of miscellanies; news; reviews and notices of books; and summaries of periodicals. The magazine is handsomely printed and bound, and illustrated with heliotype plates. It is to be issued quarterly.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. will issue this month Dr. Baird's postponed 'History of the Huguenot Emigration to America.'

—Mr. Twain does not show to advantage when quoted in lines, says an English reviewer of 'The Mark Twain Birthday Book.' 'What, for instance, would be the feelings of the lady or gentleman called on to inscribe their names on the 26th of September opposite the words "A mere wreck and ruin of chaotic rags?" Duels have been fought for less.'

—'From Home to Home,' by Staveland Hill, M. P., will be issued this month by the Orange Judd Co., who also announce 'A Dictionary of English Names of Plants,' by William Miller, and a new edition of Gen. W. N. Hutchinson's 'Dog-Breaking.'

—John Habberton, author of 'Helen's Babies,' contributes to *The Current* of March 14 the ninth paper in that journal's 'American Type' series. Mr. Habberton believes that self-reliance is the strongest trait to be found in the best American character.

—Mr. Peter Moran's latest etching published by Frederick Keppel & Co. is quite a big plate, showing a well-drawn group of cattle with a herdsman and dog, taking what shelter they can find from a furious rain-storm which has suddenly burst upon them, in a little hollow between some barren hills. It is a well-managed composition, the dark summit of the hill being in part brought out against a light cloud, and in part veiled by the mist; the foremost cattle coming upon a light part of the sandy foreground. It is a plate which will add to Mr. Moran's reputation as an etcher, if it is not, indeed, his best work in that way.

—Dr. Haden is not the only physician who has done good work as an etcher. Leroy Milton Yale, M. D., of Madison Avenue, who has long been a member of the New York Etching Club, has likewise done many excellent plates, of which Messrs. Keppel & Co. publish one—a large view of the shore of Long Island Sound at Larchmont Manor. It is an August twilight effect, and there is considerable sense of color both in the tender sky and misty distance and in the bank and trees in shadow in the foreground. The work is strong, simple and direct, and by no means amateurish.

—In 1844, says the Philadelphia *Record*, shortly after General Grant graduated from the Military Academy, and while he was stationed with his regiment in Texas, he formed the acquaintance of Mrs. G. B. Bailey, the mother of his most intimate associate in the regiment, and after a short time sent her a daguerreotype of himself, with a letter in which he described his novel experience in camp and on the march. The General wanted to get this portrait for his Autobiography, and wrote to a daughter of Mrs. Bailey, not long ago, to ask her to lend it to him. It had been given away, however; but the person to whom it had been given happened to be his old friend, Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia; and the daguerreotype has now come back to its original owner after the lapse of forty years.

—Charles Dudley Warner is the leading contributor to the April *North American Review*—his theme being not a literary one, but 'Prison Management.'

—Sarah K. Bolton, writing to account for the omission of Mrs. Jackson ('H. H.') and Kate Field from the book called 'Women of the Day,' informs us that the former preferred to be ignored, while the latter was (she thinks) not in this country when the material for the book was collected.

—*Le Livre* for January contained a translation of Mr. Charles E. Pascoe's interesting article on the English magazines, which appeared in *The Atlantic* for last September. In the February number there is a translation of Fraser Rae's paper on 'The Centenary of *The Times*,' from *The Nineteenth Century*. From this number we learn that the three most popular New York novelists are 'MM. E. P. Poe, Dr. Hammond and Edgar Fawcett,'—and that 'A Young Girl's Wooing' is 'M. Poe's' latest romance.

—On the 13th of January, M. François Coppée wrote to the director of the Théâtre Français that, as he understood the administrative committee of the theatre were not of one mind as to the desirability of his continuing to act as librarian of the Comédie Française, since his election to the French Academy, a sense of personal dignity would oblige him to tender his resignation. M. Coquelin replied that the poet's unfavorable criticism in *Figaro* of his (Coquelin's) acting in 'The Princess of Bagdad' had been a painful surprise to him, and that after its appearance he had quite agreed with a member of the Committee who had questioned the propriety of permitting a member of the Academy to retain so inferior a position as that of Librarian of the Comédie! *Le Livre* prints the two letters 'without comment.' One result of the quarrel is that M. Coppée's new play, 'The Jacobites,' goes to the Odéon instead of to the Français.

—Mr. Tupper, the English poet, has written a letter to the editor of *The Brooklyn Magazine* regarding his distressing financial circumstances, which will be published in the April number of that periodical.

—A limited cheap edition of E. P. Roe's 'Without a Home' is announced. The cheap editions of 'Barriers Burned Away' and 'The Opening of a Chestnut Burr' are said to have reached a sale of 152,000 copies.

—We have received a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws and Membership Roll of the recently founded Society of the Sons of the Revolution—an organization each of whose members is 'descended from an ancestor who, either as a military or naval officer, soldier, sailor, or as an official or recognized subordinate' in the service of any of the original thirteen States, or of the National Government, assisted in establishing the Republic.

—The January number of the Bulletin of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia contains—besides the usual classified catalogue of books added to the Library since the previous issue in October last—a continuation of the Bibliography of the famous Judgment hymn, 'Dies Iræ,' prepared by Mr. John Edmands, the Librarian. This work has evidently been a labor of love, as indicated by the painstaking thoroughness with which the task has been performed. Nothing would seem to have escaped the author's persevering inquiries. The number of distinct items of reference exceeds five hundred. The publications cited are arranged under three heads—those that relate to (1) the original text, (2) history and criticism, (3) translations,—and the information which is furnished under these several heads may be assumed to be complete and exhaustive. The number of translations in English has multiplied greatly during the last thirty years, and the English versions bid fair to equal those in German, amounting, we believe, to sixty or thereabouts,—all going to show the extraordinary interest felt in the hymn. Undoubtedly the place it holds in literature is altogether unique.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 902.—Who is the author of the following lines?

A solemn murmur of the soul,
Tells of a world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

WALDOBOROUGH, MA.

J. J. B.

No. 903.—Where can the following lines be found?

And cooks us up on every Monday
A horrid dish of salmagundi.

I heard them in my childhood. Having occasion to use then, I spent many days in search of their origin but failed. I have an impression they may be found in *The Knickerbocker Magazine*, but I have searched there in vain. I have also examined Irving's 'Salmagundi' and 'Hudibras.'

GLOBE VILLAGE, MASS.

S. H.

No. 904.—The fifteenth line on page 24 of *THE CRITIC* of Jan. 10 concludes with the word 'dudeandpharisee.' Please let me know who gave the phrase currency, and from what source you quoted it.

NORRISTOWN, PA.

J.

[Divided into its component parts, the phrase is 'dude and Pharisee'—the two nicknames applied to the Independent Republicans in the late campaign. The word 'mugwump' made a deeper impression on the popular mind than either of these two, however, and is still current, while 'dude' and 'Pharisee' have passed out of circulation. As the latter word means 'separated,' we should, perhaps, have refrained from connecting it so closely with the other words in the phrase!]

No. 905.—1. I should like to find the poem containing the lines

The moon sighed softly o'er the midnight flood;
On Lisbon's towers Don Henry's spirit stood.

2. In what poem do the following lines occur?

I know not, care not, what the coming years may bring;
I know at last Death's icy hand will call for me,
And so 'twill end. Ah, well!
There's much in life that's hard to understand.

LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO.

J. H. S.

No. 906.—Who is the author of the following lines, and in what poem do they occur?

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lete in new light through chinks that Time has made.

COLUMBIA, TENN.

W. A. S.

[They occur in Edmund Waller's Verses Upon His Divine Poesy.]

No. 907.—Is there any good reference book on the subject of the liberty of the press?

NEW YORK CITY.

E. C. M.

[The subject is discussed with great learning and eloquence in Milton's 'Areopagitica,' and is very fully treated in Erskine's Speeches (1812), which may be seen at the Astor Library. Poole's Index contains references to several articles on the liberty of the press.]

ANSWERS.

No. 888.—Savage's 'Reuben Medicott' and 'My Uncle the Curate' are wretched; but I liked 'The Falcon Family' nearly as well as 'The Bachelor of the Albany.'

BOSTON, MASS.

H.

No. 891.—M. B. S. will find in Bayne's 'Lyra Anglicana' (Tauchnitz edition) some eight or ten of Mrs. Alexander's poems. While they do not possess the swing and power of 'The Burial of Moses,' they will be found wonderfully sweet and rhythmical.

BOSTON, MASS.

WARREN P. ADAMS.

No. 892.—The story is this: Swift asked the dignitaries of the cathedral to supper, but none of them appeared. Swift, disgusted, scratched these lines on the window:

Rotten without and mouldering within,
This place and its clergy are all near akin.

BOSTON, MASS.

H.

No. 892.—Swift's lines written on a window-pane at the Yacht Inn, Chester, are:

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near akin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

HALKETT LORD.

LIVING UP TO ONE'S INCOME is a very pleasant process, but it has many unpleasant results. If physical or mental strength fails in middle-age, there is nothing to look forward to but penury; and as the children grow up, there can be no high education or technological training for them. On the other hand, a few dollars a year saved and invested in an Endowment Policy in *THE TRAVELERS*, of Hartford, would obviate these disagreeable eventualities.